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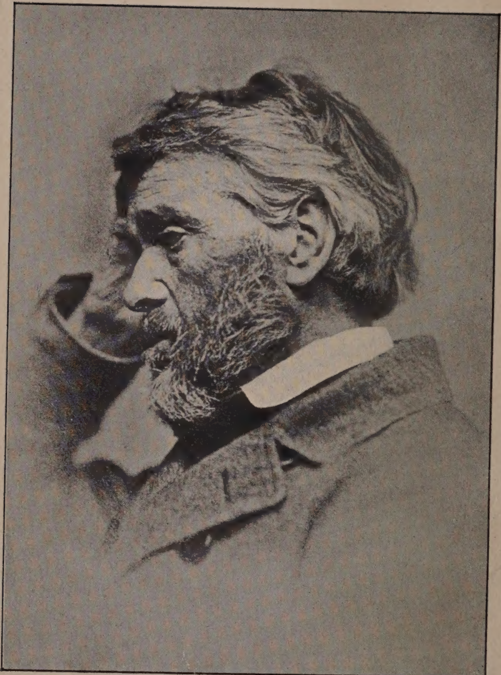

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Prophets
# of the
Nineteenth Century

Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstoi

By May Alden Ward

Author of "Life of Dante," "Petrarch,"
"Old Colony Days," etc.

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Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1900

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PREFATORY NOTE

BEFORE Carlyle died he said that John Ruskin was the only man in England who was carrying out his ideas; and Ruskin said recently that Tolstoi is the one man in the world who stands for the movement which he had tried to further. Was there this relation between these three men, so different in all their personal attributes? So far as the two former are concerned there can be no doubt of it, for the relation was direct and organic. Carlyle was twenty-four years old at the time of Ruskin's birth, and had reached the zenith of his influence before Ruskin had com-

pleted the early art writings which gave him his reputation. During this time Ruskin had been steadily coming under the influence of Carlyle, but about the time he attained forty, Carlyle's influence became so predominant that he desired to recall his early work and begin over again. He actually allowed his art works to go out of print, though there was nothing in them which he had any reason to regret, or which was in any way antagonistic to the teachings of Carlyle. Both men had really been working at the same problems, though in entirely different methods. Ruskin now came to feel that Carlyle's method was better, and therefore he took his new departure in the direction of his economic experiments for the betterment of the people, by means of improving their environment. To this end *he cheerfully devoted his private fortune of nearly a million dollars which he had inherited from his father. In this last act we may see a close relation to the teachings and practice of Tolstoi. Though the relation with Tolstoi is less direct, and probably not at all organic, it is none the less real; since a spiritual sympathy through the contagion of ideas, may furnish a bond of the most lasting kind. By such a fellowship these three men are absolutely united,—three social reformers working toward the highest ends; and, in spite of local differences, toward almost the same end. With what difficulties they contended and with what struggles of soul they reached their new gospel, of the mission of man to his fellow, the story of each must tell; but there is no longer room to doubt that to each of them it was a* *gospel, uttered with as complete a sincerity as any that ever came to the heart of man; and as truly has it proved prophetic of the great movement which is now sweeping over the world, proclaiming the coming of sweetness, and joy, and comfort to human life, through the surrender of luxury, greed, and vulgarity. The false gods may fight hard and tarry long, but their disguise is now torn from them. Henceforth they must masquerade in their true character.*

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THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS GOSPEL OF WORK

Prophets of the Nineteenth Century

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS GOSPEL OF WORK

WE are somewhat startled when we remember that England has already celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carlyle. It is hard to realize that his date is more than a century old, for he seems to belong particularly to our own day. Nevertheless, he was born while that other great Scotchman, Robert Burns, was still in the world, whose life he has painted as none other could; born before the Reign of Terror had died away, which he was yet to make so terribly real to us; born before "that portentous mixture of quackery and hero," Napoleon, had commenced to show his hand. The men who came into the world at the same time with Carlyle belong without question to a past age. Keats was born a year later, Shelley three years earlier, Byron six years earlier. All three, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, had done what they were to do in the world, and had passed out of it, before Carlyle had found out what his work was to be. Had his life been no longer than that of these three contemporaries, his name would never have been known. At the age when their genius was fully flowered, he was simply a country schoolmaster in an unknown Scotch village; for Carlyle matured late, and it was characteristic of him that he should keep silence until he had something to say. He did not begin by feeling his way as other writers do, but when his message was ready he uttered it.

What, then, was his message? It may well be called "the gospel of work": "If you have anything to do in the world, DO IT." This was the text upon which he continued to ring the changes for more than half a century. He insisted that we are placed here for a purpose, — to be of use in the world; and if we fail to accomplish this we are mere dead rubbish, cumbering the earth. A necessary part of this teaching was his intense hatred of shams, together with his insistence on the value and the dignity of life. It was a gospel that was greatly needed by the indolent and sentimental age on which it fell, and its influence was incalculable. It is safe to say that there has been no single literary man of note in England or in America, during the last generation or in this, who has not been helped and inspired by the words of Carlyle. And who shall count the vast multitude of men and women, not writers, whose lives have been made larger by his teachings; who have learned from him that life is more than living, that the only real life, the only full life, is a life of service; that fame and money and all that the world calls success are small and trivial compared with the great realities of life which are truth and duty? His great aim was to call men back to reality. He tried to hold up before men's eyes a high standard of human living, and to show them how utterly modern human life comes short of that standard. Whatever may be the final judgment on Carlyle's writings, he has left an indelible mark on the thought of the nineteenth century. His quickening and stimulating influence cannot be overestimated. To have aroused a self-seeking generation to a higher idea of life is a task worthy of a prophet.

Thomas Carlyle was born on December 4th, 1795, in the little

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Scotch village of Ecclefechan, — a village consisting of a single street with a brook running along one side of it. His father was a stonemason, and built with his own hands the house in which the son was born. Both parents were honest Scotch peasants and strict Calvinists. That they were poor goes without saying. The father, after he had given up masonry and taken to farming, was able, in an exceptionally favorable year, to make five hundred dollars for a family of nine children. But no one in Scotland is too poor to know the value of an education, and the Carlyles resolved from the first that Thomas should be educated. After exhausting the village school, he was sent at the age of ten to the Academy at Annandale, a few miles away. There are in "Sartor Resartus" several bits of autobiography, and one of them is the description of the ten-year-old boy, walking by his father's side to the school, his heart full of joyous hope, — hope which was never to be realized, for the school proved a place of misery to him. The schoolboys were cruel and tyrannical to all new-comers. Carlyle's mother had exacted from him before leaving home a promise never to fight, not to give blows even in self-defence; a promise which probably embittered the whole of his after life, for the boys were not long in discovering that he did not fight, and in consequence they bullied and tormented him outrageously. After months of this treatment, he finally turned one day in a rage upon the biggest bully, and began kicking him with all his strength. After that he was left alone, but he had no desire to associate with his schoolmates. The effect of this experience was to make him solitary and misanthropical even at that early age.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to the University of Edinburgh. The life of a student at a Scotch university at that day was very different from what we know of college life to-day. Most of the students were poor; many of them paid their own way by hard work. They hired cheap lodgings and lived on the oatmeal and potatoes sent them from home every week. Carlyle fared like the rest.

It was the desire and intention of his parents that he should enter the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland, and the youth acquiesced in their plans. What his own secret desires were may be seen from some words written in an old Greek text-book used by him at this time and found long years after by one of his admirers. "O Fortune, thou that parcellest out to man his lot of pleasure or of pain, thou that givest to one to feast upon fat things, and dash through life in a coach and six, — and to another to starve on his salted herring, and drive through life his Cutler's Wheel, — bestow (if it please thee) crowns and kingdoms and principalities and purses and puddings and power, upon the great and the noble and the fat ones of the earth. Grant me that with a heart of independence, unseduced by the world's smiles, and unbending to its frowns, I may attain to literary fame. And though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king. . . ." Attain it he did, though not until after he had learned to have a far higher aim in life than to gain fame.

Sixty years afterward, when his fame was greater than he had ever dreamed of, he said to the students of this same university: "Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters whether he buys those necessaries with seven thousand a year, or with seven million, could that be, or with seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find intrinsically, if he is a wise man, wonderfully little real difference." Unlike many other preachers and theorists, Carlyle lived up to this high ideal throughout a long life. But before he had attained this high philosophical plane, before he had discovered that the meaning of life is work well done, when he was still a boy of nineteen, to whom literary fame seemed the highest aim, even then he had adopted a simple, heroic view of life. He had chosen a life of true worth and hard literary work, though its meed should be salt herring and starvation, rather than the life of a mere dilettante filled with earth's fat things and hurrahed to as he dashes through life in a coach and six. He had already struck the keynote of his life.

Carlyle left the university at the age of nineteen. He has left a sarcastic picture of it and of what he learned there in "Sartor." He was still to continue the study of theology in accordance with his parents' wishes. His family ties were very close ones. His relations with his mother were exceptionally beautiful. Notwithstanding her lack of learning, he never failed to show her the greatest respect and devotion. When he went away to college she was not able to write her name, but, in order not to be deprived of communicating with her boy, she resolved to learn to write. And learn she did, though we can imagine what slow and weary work it was for a woman of her age. The father writes on one occasion that she would have sent a letter, but the carrier only remained two days, and she was such a slow writer that she could not get it done, but would send it the next time. A sample of her simple, affectionate letters will show the relation between her and her son, and her watchful care over the needs of his body and of his soul: —

Son Tom, — I received your kind and pleasant letter. Nothing is more satisfying to me than to hear of your welfare. Keep up your heart, my brave boy. You ask kindly after my health. I complain as little as possible. When the day is clear it has a great effect on me. But upon the whole I am as well as I can expect, thank God. I have sent a little butter and a few cakes, with a box to bring home your clothes. Send them all home that I may wash and sort them once more. Oh, man, could I but write! I 'll tell ye a' when we meet, but

I must in the meantime content myself. Do send me a long letter; it revives me greatly; and tell me honestly if you read your chapter e'en and morn, lad. You mind I hod if not your hand, I hod your foot of it. Tell me if there is anything you want in particular. I must run to pack the box, so I am,

Your affectionate mother,

MARGARET CARLYLE.

But in spite of his respect for his parents' wishes, Carlyle began to see, before his student days were over, that he could not conscientiously enter the ministry. He kept on with his studies in a perfunctory way, teaching in the meantime to pay his expenses. All that was necessary to do to keep in the Divinity School was to register, pay the fee, and appear once a year with a sermon. Carlyle delivered two of these annual sermons before he definitely broke with theology. He describes his sermons as "weak, flowery, sentimental things." He has told in his own words the story of the terrible struggle through which he passed when the voice came to him saying, "Arise and settle the question of thy life."

"I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But, now that I had gained man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantoms dire from the abysmal depth of the nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate I know not, whether I drank I know not, whether I slept I know not. But I know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach." For the rest of his life he was never allowed to forget that "infernal apparatus," for he was for fifty years a confirmed dyspeptic. So much was dyspepsia a part of him that we should as soon think of Jove without his thunderbolts as of Carlyle without his dyspepsia. For a time after giving up the ministry he tried teaching, but came to the conclusion that he would rather perish in a ditch than earn his living by that trade. Then came the study of the law. At first it seemed to him glorious for its independence, but after a time he came to look upon the law, the "dull people who studied it, and the brilliant lecturers, as mere denizens of the kingdom of dulness, pointing towards nothing but money as wages for all that bogpool of disgust." He flung the thing away forever, and was again at sea about the future. Then came the dreariest years, — "eating of the heart, misgivings as to whether there shall be presently anything else to eat; disappointment of the nearest and dearest as to the hoped-for entrance on the ministry; and steadily growing disappointment of the self with the undertaken law profession, — above all, perhaps, wandering through mazes of doubt, perpetual questionings unanswered.”

He had already had his brief romance, his love for Margaret Gordon, ~~the original of “Blumine” in “Sartor.”~~ Her friends interfered and the affair was soon over. He was more solitary than ever. In Edinburgh, he says, “from my fellow-creatures, little or nothing but vinegar was my reception, when we happened to meet or pass near each other, — my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor; at once so insignificant-looking and so grim and sorrowful.” He had one true friend, however, in Edward Irving, whom he had known in his teaching days, and who had from the first recognized Carlyle's genius. "From Irving," he says, "I first learned what the communion of man with man may mean." Carlyle had gradually become a devout reader of German literature, then an unknown study in England, and was beginning to feel a capacity for work; but he heard no voice calling for just the kind of work that he could do. The first ray of light came from his friend David Brewster, who set him to work on the Edinburgh Encyclopedia; there was not much money in it, but a certain drill, and, still better, a sense of accomplishing something. He wrote innumerable articles for the cyclopedia, and translated Legendre's Geometry. Irving obtained for him a tutorship in a wealthy family, that of the Bullers, whose three promising sons became not only his pupils but his life-long friends. The salary enabled him to go on with his writing, which he had come to feel was his life work. Irving influenced his future in still another way, for it was he who introduced him to Mrs. Welsh and her daughter at Haddington. Miss Welsh was at that time very much in love with Irving and he with her, but he was bound by a previous engagement, and the lady would not release him, although he explained to her the state of affairs. Carlyle knew nothing of this, and the friendship of Jane Welsh gave new zest to his life.

When we come to the story of Carlyle's marriage, one hardly knows how to tell it. We feel as if we had listened to a scandal-monger, who has told us things we had no right to know. Mr. Froude is so recently dead that one hesitates to abuse him. But let any woman among us try to imagine her own love-letters, those of her husband, together with all the letters they exchanged after marriage, her own private diary, if she keeps one, wherein are recorded her most sacred thoughts and feelings, thoughts which she would not even share with her husband, and his private journal of all the daily happenings of their lives; imagine, I say, that all these sacredly private papers should be placed in the hands of a man, not her husband, who is to use his own discretion about giving them to the world. But if he has no discretion, how can he use it? And so poor Jennie Carlyle, after having been for forty years a faithful wife, having seconded her husband's aims in every way, after having sacrificed her time, her strength, her own ambition, on the altar of his genius, is held up to the world as a woman who did not love her husband. And Thomas Carlyle, the brave teacher who taught us to despise sham and renounce self, is called to account for every cross, dyspeptic word he uttered during forty years of married life. Well may a man of genius say, "Deliver me from my friends."

It was in 1821 that Carlyle first met Jane Welsh, and in 1826 that he married her, after overcoming innumerable obstacles. The chief difficulty was the fact that he had no place to put a wife, and no way to keep her. Having given up the ministry, the law, teaching, and civil engineering, he had not found the work that the world wanted. He was still eating his own heart, with the aforementioned "misgivings as to whether there shall presently be anything else to eat." He had done much hack writing and something better. He had translated Wilhelm Meister, and had written a life of Schiller, which was published as a serial in the "London Magazine." These tasks brought him the rare treasure of Goethe's friendship, but brought him little money. To Carlyle, poverty did not seem such an intolerable evil as it did to Miss Welsh. He conceived that it would be a fine idea to live in the country, in peace and quiet, "far from the madding crowd," where he might bring to birth the works he had in mind. Miss Welsh had inherited a small farm at Craigenputtoch, a lonely, moorland, barren place, fifteen miles from everywhere, and Carlyle suggested that they live there, — an idyllic life, he thought; he to farm, and she to bake and brew, and both to live in independence. He had saved two hundred pounds, and he knew a man, a hedger, whose family lived happily on fifteen pence a day. A very simple Utopia, but as illusory as the wildest dream of the dreamers. Carlyle's tastes were so simple that the plan seemed perfectly feasible to him. To Miss Welsh it seemed otherwise. She replied that she would not live at Craigenputtoch a month with an angel. She had implicit faith in her lover's genius, and thought some sinecure ought to be found which would enable him to write. To which he answered: "A sinecure! God bless thee, my darling, I could not touch a sinecure, though twenty of my friends should volunteer to offer it. . . . For affection, or the faintest imitation of it, a man should feel obliged to his very dog; but for the gross assistances of patronage or purse, let him pause before accepting them from any one." Notwithstanding such widely different ideas of life, the matter was finally arranged. They were married and went to live in Edinburgh.

Friends made various attempts to obtain for Carlyle a professorship in some university, but all their efforts were unavailing. He was already too individual and marked a character to find favor with the authorities. The little that he earned from his writings would not suffice for their needs, and the two hundred pounds was fast dwindling. He was offered work as a journalist on condition that he would dip his pen in the real party ink, but this he could not do. The Craigenputtoch project was again revived, and this time Mrs. Carlyle consented to try it.

In the second year of their married life they removed to the moorland farm, which Mr. Froude describes as "the dreariest spot in all the British dominions. The nearest house is more than a mile from it; the elevation, seven hundred feet above the sea, stunts the trees, and limits the garden produce to the hardiest vegetables. The house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands, with the scanty fields attached, as an island in a sea of morass. The landscape is unredeemed either by grace or grandeur, — mere undulating hills of grass and heather, with peat-bogs in the hollows between them." They were fifteen miles from the nearest town and from the nearest doctor. The roads in winter were almost impassable. This dreary solitude was their home for the next seven years. Carlyle had his books and his fire and his pen. His brother did the farming. He could write in peace, and their scanty income could be made to suffice. He did not, therefore, look upon their lot as a hard one. It seemed perfectly natural to him that his wife should bake and mend and scour. All his life he had seen his mother, whom he loved and reverenced above all others, busied in these tasks as a matter of course, and he saw no incongruity in his wife's doing it. To Mrs. Carlyle, brought up as she had been, the loneliness and entire change in her manner of living proved a terrible ordeal, although she wrote bright letters describing her trials and tribulations in bread-making, milking, and so on. The intensely earnest, busy, struggling man, writing away with his very heart's blood, had little time to give praise or thanks for all this domestic drudgery. In truth, he scarcely realized it. "You don't want to be praised for doing your duty," he said to her once. "But I did, though," she writes in her journal, very naturally.

To Carlyle the result of the life at Craigenputtoch was some of his best work, including the Essay on Burns, that on Voltaire, and above all, "Sartor Resartus." It is very much to be doubted whether "Sar-

Mrs. Carlyle always
had a maid, Carlyle

tor" could ever have been written in Edinburgh or London. To the wife, the result of these seven long years of imprisonment was broken health and shattered nerves, — a result which affected her whole future life. Before coming to the moors, even before his marriage, Carlyle had already passed through what he called his "Baphometic-fire-baptism," his struggle with the everlasting No. The long battle, which left him conscious of that infernal apparatus called a stomach, was probably the turning-point of his life. He was not making a decision merely as to the choice of a profession, but a decision as to the basis on which his work was to be done. Should he strive for fame, for money and place, — for puddings and power, as he would have put it,—or should he utter the truth that was in him though the heavens fall? That is, should he adapt himself to the market, cater to the public taste, make himself popular, allow himself to be the tool of a party; or should his pen be guided solely by his own conscience, even though starvation stare him in the face? But before he could settle this there were other questions that his soul had to face: What is man? What is life? What are we placed here for? On this would his decision depend. And the answer that he found for himself, after long soul-searchings, was this: "We are here to do God's will. The only key to a right life is self-renunciation.

The man who lives for self, who works for selfish ends, is a charlatan at bottom, no matter how great his powers. The man who lives for self alone has never caught a vision of the true meaning and order of the universe. Human life is a solemn thing,—an arena wherein God's purpose is to be worked out. I must, with open, spiritual vision, behold in this universe, and through it, the mighty All, its Creator, in his beauty and grandeur, humbling the small Me into nothingness. His purpose, not mine, shall be carried out, for to that end the universe exists. Life shall be a barren, worthless thing for me unless I seek to fall in with God's plan, and do the work he has sent me here to do.

Ah, then, the torturous pangs of disappointed hopes, jealousy, and despair shall be at rest, and I, now in harmony with God, can sing at my work, and amid my toil find blessed rest. For, what though I fail to reach the mark I set before me; what though its immediate results have been small? the very attempt, persevered in, of working out the Divine purpose in my life has made that life a truly noble one. Now, indeed, I am independent of the world's smile or frown, since I am in harmony with God, and have his smile as the light of my life. I have got into the blessed region of the 'Everlasting Yea.' And however ill outwardly and apparently, all is going well for me inwardly and ultimately."

This was the theory of life which Carlyle had slowly and painfully worked out for himself, the theory which he tried to live up to for the rest of his life.

The graphic passage in "Sartor" which describes the way in which light suddenly shone in upon him, was, he confessed to his friends, a true experience. He was possessed by a nameless fear, by that unreasoning presentiment of evil felt by all of us at times of doubt and indecision. He knew not whether he had in him a certain faculty, a certain worth, such even as the most have not; or whether he was the completest dullard of these modern times. Alas, the fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself; and how could he believe when the net result of his work as yet amounted simply to nothing? "So had it lasted," he says, "as in bitter and protracted death agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. . . . I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured. Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole city or suburbs, was I, one sultry dog-day, toiling along the dirty little street, . . . in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; . . . when all at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped, what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and man may, will, or can do against thee. Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it.' And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed; not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance. Thus had the Everlasting No (as he calls the Devil) claimed me. To which my whole ME now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee.' It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-Birth, or Baphometic Fire-Baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."

He had yet to pass what he calls the "Everlasting YEA,—" the realization that there is something higher than happiness to live for. "I asked myself: What is this that ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What act of legislature was there that thou shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be Unhappy? There is in man a HIGHER than love of Happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness. . . . Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

And still another passage must be quoted to illustrate Carlyle's spiritual development at this time. "Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.' On which ground too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which was to me of invaluable service: 'DO THE DUTY WHICH LIES

NEAREST THEE,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer. May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in Wilhelm Meister, that your 'America is here or nowhere'? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is thyself; the impediment too is in thyself; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether the stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see. . . .

"I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but be a World, or even a Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! ’T is the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findest to do, do it with thy whole might.”

For a man who has reached so high a plane, poverty and discomfort can have no terrors. For him the outward life, the surroundings, are mere accidents. The real life is the inward, the spiritual. Yet some one must look after the practical, and his brother struggled along with the farm, and the brave wife with the housekeeping. At one time the combined resources of the three amounted to twelve pence, with no knowledge of where the next was to come from. Carlyle was well paid for his writings in the “Edinburgh Review,” the “Foreign Quarterly,” and “Fraser." But he was a slow and laborious writer. The least thing he wrote contained a part of his very life. He was so extremely conscientious that he would not touch a subject until he had thoroughly mastered it. For a single magazine article on Diderot, he devoured twenty-five ponderous volumes. The income from his writings was therefore necessarily limited. In addition there was a severe strain upon it from outside during all these years. He had taken upon himself the entire expense of the education of his brother John. Having confidence in this brother, he had given him the most complete medical education, including two years of special study in Germany.

After all this outlay, John was now struggling penniless in London, and, finding patients slow to appear, was growing impatient, and talked of trying to live by his pen, — of writing for the magazines. Carlyle responded with a shrill cry of alarm. Periodical writing, he said, was simply the worst of all existing employments. The trade of literature was worse as a trade than that of honest street sweeping. Incessant scribbling is inevitable death to thought. If you have real thoughts, let time and silence ripen them. In the meantime he urged his brother to cling to his profession; so convinced was he of the dangerous, precarious, and on the whole despicable and ungainly nature of a life by scribbling. At the same time he would by no means disparage or discourage real literature. "Nay, had I but two potatoes in the world, and one true idea, I should hold it my duty to part with one potato for paper and ink, and live upon the other till I got it written."

Affairs at Craigenputtoch were growing worse. Alick, the brother, became discouraged and gave up the farm. Larry, the horse, to whom they were greatly attached, became discouraged and died. Even the potatoes seemed doubtful. Carlyle himself was discouraged. He saw nothing for it, he said, but to turn cynic, and live and die in silence. At this juncture Jeffrey, a warm friend always, offered, in the most delicate manner, his help. He proposed to settle upon Carlyle an annuity of a hundred pounds a year, no one but themselves to know of it. Carlyle, "in the meekest, friendliest, but most emphatic manner," promptly refused.

Under these circumstances "Sartor Resartus" was written, and "of all the wonders of that wonderful book, none is more wonderful than its high spirits." When it was finished, Carlyle prepared to go to London to find a publisher for it; to find also some humble employment for himself, since Craigenputtoch seemed no longer practicable. He knew that he had put into the book the best that was in him, and he knew its worth. His wife had said to him when she finished reading the last page, "It is a work of genius, dear." But neither of them knew the long and bitter struggle that must be gone through before the world would recognize its worth. What more pitiful than the thought of Carlyle hawking about that masterpiece among the publishers, who would have none of it? "I carried it from one terrified owl to another," he says. All were equally afraid of it. Fraser agreed to publish it if the author would pay him one hundred and fifty pounds. "Better wait awhile," said a friend. "Yes," he replied, "it is my purpose to wait till the end of eternity." Longmans refused it blankly. Bentley the same. Murray returned it, but afterward, at the request of Lord

Jeffrey, who had managed to read twenty-eight pages of the manuscript, consented to examine it again. The result was that he offered to publish it on a plan which should cost Carlyle nothing, but by which he would get nothing except the pleasure of seeing the work in print. But after the printing had begun, Murray became frightened again and withdrew from the bargain. Murray informed him, when he returned the manuscript, that he needed only a little tact to produce a popular as well as an able work, — while Murray's "taster" wrote that Carlyle's wit "reminded him of the German baron who took to leaping on tables and said that he was learning to be lively."

It was with hearts sad and sore that the Carlyles returned to their moorland solitude, carrying with them the despised and rejected manuscript. A few months later the author succeeded in arranging with Fraser to publish "Sartor" piecemeal. It was cut up into sections and appeared in ten numbers of the magazine. It was paid for at a much lower rate than Carlyle's other writings, but the proceeds enabled them to drag out another twelve months of existence at Craigenputtoch.

If it was hard to find a publisher for "Sartor," it was still harder to find a public. As it appeared from month to month in Fraser, subscribers began to write to the editor, "Stop that stuff or stop my paper." — "When is that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor going to end?" and so on. Only two voices were heard in approval: an Irish Catholic priest from Cork, and a Mr. Emerson from America. The critic of the "Sun" pronounced it "a heap of clotted nonsense."

And what was this "Sartor" which in 1832 fell upon such stony ground, and of which, in 1882, seventy thousand copies were sold by one firm? It was Carlyle's philosophy of life, clothed in quaint garb, and it contains the germ of all his later works. Sartor Resartus means the "tailor retailored." It is called a philosophy of clothes, and pretends to have been written by an imaginary professor, whose name is Diogenes Teufelsdröckh (God-born devil's-dung, the latter being the vulgar name for assafœtida). He lived in the village of Entepfuhl (Duckpuddle), was educated at the school of Hinterschlag (Spanking), and at the university of Weiss Nichts Wo (Know not where), where he came to be professor. His chair was that of Allerei Wissenschaft (Things in General), or, as it has been called, Hodge-Podge Philosophy. In the professor's mouth Carlyle puts the thoughts which "time and silence" had ripened in himself. The philosophy of the imaginary professor is, in brief, "that all forms, habits, and institutions which man has fashioned are but the garments in which he has from time to time arrayed himself for his own decoration, comfort, or protection; that these garments, like all other of man's works, grow old, decay, become useless, and, in spite of all patching and retailoring, must sooner or later be thrown away, and be replaced by new ones; and that many of the garments which the men of our days are wearing have well-nigh reached the last stage of dilapidation." From this text he preaches discourses upon the loftiest topics of human thought, — as on space and time, on customs, on the system of nature, on the past and the future, on immortality.

Thousands upon thousands who have been quickened and stirred to the very depths by the splendid passages of "Sartor," find it hard to realize that it fell still-born into the world. When it came to an end in the pages of "Fraser," not the bravest mortal alive would have ventured to suggest republishing it as a book. Affairs were growing no brighter at Craigenputtoch. The reviews, which had heretofore always been open to Carlyle's pen, had grown cool toward him. Many articles were rejected, — among them the matchless essay on the "Diamond Necklace." Such is the fallibility of editors. In these dark days, however, there came one ray of brightness. A stranger one day alighted at the door and announced himself as Mr. Emerson, of America. "He had sought out Carlyle in his remote moorland solitude to tell him that he was read and approved in far-off America. Only the day before, Carlyle had written in his journal: 'I am left here the solitariest, most stranded, most helpless creature that I have been for many years.' Emerson came to say to him, 'Faint not — the word you utter is heard, though in the ends of the earth and by humblest men; it works, prevails.'" The two men talked soul to soul on vital themes and at the end of twenty-four hours parted, friends for life. One result of this visit was a correspondence covering nearly half a century, — a treasure which the world could ill spare.

In 1833 Carlyle wrote in his journal: "It is twenty-three months since I earned a penny by the craft of literature, and yet I know no fault I have committed. I shall quit literature, it does not invite me. Providence warns me to have done with it. I have failed in the Divine Infernal Universe." The bleak farm by the bleak hills became unendurable to him and to his wife. They resolved to burn their ships, — to sell their farm stock, a part of their furniture, and whatever could be sold, go to London, live upon the proceeds while they lasted, and then sink or swim. The conditions which Carlyle had imposed on himself made it no easy matter to swim. He regarded his talent as a sacred trust, and had laid down as a fixed rule that he would never write merely to please, never for money; that he would never write anything except when moved by an impulse from within; above all, that he would never set down a sentence which he did not in his heart believe to be true, and would spare no labor till his work was as good to the last fibre as he could make it. These were not rules that led to a rapid income. Let those who think they understand thrift and economy read Mrs. Carlyle's journal for these first few years in London. The house they had chosen was number 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea. A marble tablet is now affixed to the house which was for forty-seven years the home of the prophet. Near-by stands the Carlyle statue, in front the Carlyle Mansions, a stone's throw from the Carlyle Square, while the excursion steamers land at the Carlyle Pier.

Undismayed by the failure of "Sartor," Carlyle had begun another book, "The French Revolution." From the time when he wrote the essays on Voltaire, Diderot, and Cagliostro, he had been fascinated with the subject. "The Diamond Necklace" was a prelude. The French Revolution was to him a great moral event which proved the truth that he was trying to teach, that blind selfishness can end only in ruin, that the individual, or the nation, that loves pleasure and not God, is sure to be overtaken in time by Divine Justice. So firmly did he believe this, and so earnestly did he strive to impress it as a warning on his own idle and careless generation, that the book was written with his heart's blood. Children used to say of Dante, as he walked along the streets, "There goes the man who has been in Hell." In like manner, when we close Carlyle's history of the French Revolution, we feel that the author was not only a witness, but an actor in that terrible drama. He had long ago expressed his contempt for the idea that history should be a mere chronicle of court scandal, — the loves and hates of contemptible creatures called kings. History must deal with the people, with the masses. "Masses indeed," he said; "and yet, singular to say, if with an effort of imagination thou follow them, over broad France, into their clay hovels, into their garrets and hutches, the masses consist of units." "And every unit has his own pains and griefs and if you prick him he will bleed." "Every unit of these masses is a miraculous man . . . with a spark of the Divinity that thou callest an immortal soul in him." And he did follow them into their hovels and garrets, and lived and suffered with them there until the London life about him became a mere spectral world, his real life being in France of the last century; until his soul was kindled to a white heat of wrath and sympathy. He wrote to his brother: "The book has come hot out of my own soul, born in whirlwind, blackness, and sorrow; . . . it has gone as near to choking the life out of me as any task I should like to undertake for some years to come."

The first volume was finished and the second begun, when an accident occurred the like of which no other literary man has ever been called upon to suffer. The manuscript had been lent to John Stuart Mill for suggestion and criticism; Mill had lent it to his goddess, Mrs. Taylor. She sat up all night reading it, left it on her table when she went to bed, where the maid found it and used it to kindle the fire. When Mill came to tell them of the catastrophe, "so dismal and ghastly was his horror that we had to make light of it, although it was half sentence of death to us. . . ." Mill stayed three mortal hours talking to them, and not until he was gone could they lose their self-control, rush into each other's arms, and weep to their hearts' content. "Mill is terribly cut up," said Carlyle; "we must conceal from him how serious this business is to us."

It was a hard trial. The volume had to be rewritten; and not only had he forgotten all that was written, but he had also lost the spirit in which it was written. But at last it was done and the other two volumes concluded. He tells how he finished the last paragraph one summer evening, and then with his wife's dear blessing on him went out for a walk, saying as he left the house: "I know not whether this book is worth anything, Jennie lass, nor what the world will do with it, . . . but this

I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from a man's heart. Trample it under foot if you will."

Such a history the world had never seen. From the moment of its appearance, Carlyle's days of obscurity and poverty were over. He was forty-three years old, and this was the first real recognition he had obtained from the world. But thenceforward he was undoubtedly a great man, so recognized by all. Money came too. His lectures were paid for handsomely, and editors began to ask for articles. Emerson, with practical friendship, had republished "The French Revolution" in America, and was enabled to send him several hundred dollars as the result. In 1839 Carlyle wrote in his journal: "This last year, it is very strange, I have for the first time in these twelve years — I may say in some measure the first time in my life — been free, almost as free as other men perhaps are, from the bewildering terror of coming to actual want of money." To his brother he wrote: "From my boyhood upwards I have been like a creature breathlessly climbing a soaped pole; ruin and the bottomless abyss beneath me, and the pole quite slippery soaped. But now I have got to a kind of notch on the same, and do purpose, by Heaven's blessing, to take my breath a moment there before adventuring further. If I live, I shall probably have farther to go; if not, not — we can do either way."

He had farther to go indeed, and was soon at work again. The lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship" were published. They were followed by that curious war-cry, "Past and Present." His life for the next few years is mainly the history of his writings. Four years were spent in rescuing the figure of Cromwell from the prejudice and falsehood under which it had so long been buried, and setting forth a true picture of the man. The life of John Sterling was an interlude. The next great task was the life of Frederick the Great, which meant to Carlyle the history of Germany — and indeed almost of Europe — in the eighteenth century. He gave to the task thirteen years of uninterrupted hard work, years in which they lived, as Mrs. Carlyle said, "in the dark valley of the shadow of Frederick." For Carlyle's writing periods were times of great loneliness to her. Her health had long been failing. A fall on the street had cost her two or three years of the most intense suffering. But if she had married Carlyle for ambition, her wildest dreams were satisfied. He was easily the greatest man in England. Gifts and honors poured in upon them. The rich and the great burdened them with invitations. Artists vied with each other in producing portraits. One honor came of which both were justly proud. In 1865 Carlyle was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, to succeed Gladstone. He was elected by a large majority over Disraeli. The honor was especially grateful because it came from Scotland, where he had felt that he was not appreciated. The only drawback was that it entailed an inaugural address, and he had not spoken in public since the days of "Heroes and Hero-Worship," twenty years before. To stand up alone before two thousand pairs of eyes and talk, was a terrible ordeal to him. The result was a splendid success, and the day was the proudest day of his life. Tyndall had accompanied him to Scotland, and the wife waited at home in anxious suspense until she received Tyndall's telegram saying, " A perfect triumph." " Oh," she writes, " God bless John Tyndall — in this world and the next." She was to dine at Forster's with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and she entered the room, waving the telegram triumphantly. " I have not been so fond of everybody since I was a girl," she wrote to her husband. After finishing a letter to him, she went out as usual for a drive. After a time the coachman, wondering to receive no direction about returning home, looked into the coach, and found her sitting back, her hands folded in her lap, dead. Silently and alone she had yielded up her life. This was the news that met Carlyle at his brother's in Scotsbrig, where he had gone to rest after his triumph. The beautiful epitaph which he composed and placed upon her tomb at Haddington tells us what her loss meant to him:—

> "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by word and act unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st of April, 1866, suddenly snatched from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

The light of his life had gone out, and the fifteen years of dim twilight that remained were spent in such intense mourning as few women have been the object of.

For the first few months he could do nothing but go over her letters and journals, and in the depth of his passionate grief he took up his pen to write of her and of their life together. The "Reminiscences" are a wild rhapsody of grief and anguish, which ought never to have been printed, and which must not be accepted as true in so far as concerns the reproaches the sorrowful man heaped upon himself. He was torn by remorse (as who is not who has lost a friend?) at the thought that he had not been tender enough, that he had not shown his love.

Inexpressibly sad are these frequent outbursts of remorse. "God reward thee, dear one, now when I cannot even own my debt. Oh, why do we delay so much, till death makes it impossible? Fools, fools, we forget that it has to end." . . . "Blind and deaf that we are: oh, think if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!!" . . . "Ah me, she never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden, miserable life, how much I had at all times regarded, loved, and admired her. No telling of her now. 'Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh that I had you here yet but for five minutes, to tell you all!' This is often my thought since April 21."

Carlyle could not set himself to work again. His later labors do not compare with the "Frederick." There was a volume on the "Early Kings of Norway," and now and then a pamphlet or article. Even work had lost its interest for him. "Lonelier creature there is not in this world," he said. "Neither person, work, nor thing going on in it that is of any value, in comparison, or even at all." Honors came to him unsought in these last years. In 1874 he received the Prussian "Order of Merit" founded by Frederick, — the highest honor given by the German court. Disraeli, on the part of the Queen, offered him the "Grand Cross of the Bath" and a pension, but he courteously declined both. "Titles of honor would be an incumbrance, not a furtherance," he said, "and money had become in these latter times amply abundant, even superabundant." On his eightieth birthday a medallion portrait in gold was sent him by a number of his admirers. His position in England was like that of Goethe in Germany in his old age. His opinion was asked on every subject. Hundreds wrote to him for advice.

His niece, Mary Aitken, was his constant stay and comfort. He carefully made all preparations for his death. The books he had collected in writing "Cromwell" and "Frederick" were bequeathed to the Harvard College Library. His wife's estate of Craigenputtoch he willed to found ten scholarships in

Edinburgh University. Every year he made a pilgrimage, with his niece, to Haddington to visit his wife's grave. A stranger who visited the place in 1880, repeats the words of the old sexton: "Ay," he said, "eighty-six, and comes here all the way from London to visit this grave. He comes here lonesome and alone when he visits his wife's grave. His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there, and she stays there for him. The last time he was here I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined wall of the old cathedral, and round there and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot. . . . And he stood here a while in the grass, and then he kneeled down and stayed on his knees at the grave; then he bent over and I saw him kiss the ground, ay, he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he rose and tottered out of the cathedral, and wandered through the graveyard to the gate, where his niece was waiting for him." . . . It was his last pilgrimage. He died the year following, in February, 1881. All England mourned his loss, and sought to bury him in Westminster Abbey, but his will had decreed that he should lie with his father and mother in the old kirkyard at Ecclefechan.

What his influence has been, ask any of the leaders of English thought to-day. "Great and deathless writer as he was, he will be honored by posterity for his influence on human life, rather than for his supremacy as a literary artist." It has been well said, "The way to test how much he left his country were to consider, or try to consider, for a moment, the array of British thought, the resultant whole of the last fifty years, as existing to-day, but with Carlyle left out. It would be like an army with no artillery." What he had aimed to do in his life may best be told in his own words. In his old age he said of his books: "I've had but one thing to say from beginning to end of them, and that was, that there's no reliance, for this world or any other, but just the Truth, and that if men did not want to be damned to all eternity they had best give up lying and all kinds of falsehood; that the world was far gone already through lying, and that there 's no hope for it but just so far as men find out and believe the Truth, and match their own lives to it."

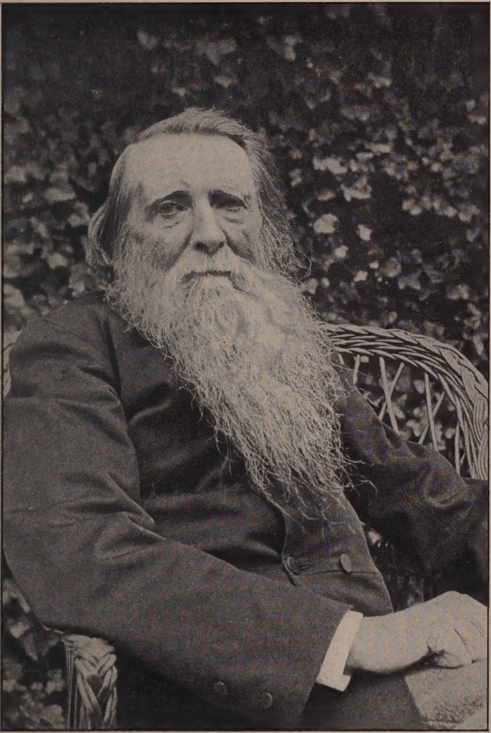
JOHN RUSKIN AS A SOCIAL REFORMER

6

JOHN RUSKIN

IT has been said that three forces go to make up a man's personality, — heredity, training, and individuality. In the case of Ruskin all three are very marked, and must be taken into account in trying to estimate his character. By heredity he was a Scotchman, although born in the heart of London. In sympathy he was more thoroughly Scotch than Carlyle. He was also by inheritance a Tory; a Tory of the old school, he says, the school of Walter Scott and of Homer, — that is, a lover of kings,— not necessarily of the commonplace king of to-day, but of the kingly idea.

From his father, Ruskin inherited his passionate love of nature, of poetry, and of art. From both parents he inherited a strict integrity and firmness, and he attributes some of the most marked traits of his character to his early training. His mother's discipline was stern and inflexible. If he cried, disobeyed, or tumbled downstairs, he was summarily whipped. Thus he learned to control himself, to obey implicitly, and to be careful. No toys were allowed him. He played with a bunch of keys, or a ball. But he learned to amuse himself with the commonest things,— the figures on the carpet, the pattern



John Ruskin.

of the wall-paper, the view from the window; and this habit cultivated in him wonderful powers of observation.

There was another very fortunate peculiarity in his early life. The elder Ruskin was a merchant, and although the head of the firm, he was his own provincial agent. Every summer he hired a carriage, and taking his wife and boy with him, drove leisurely about for two or three months, placing orders and collecting accounts. Thus the boy became familiar in his earliest years with every road and cross-road in England, Wales, and lowland Scotland. After business was attended to in each town, they visited the sights of the place, the colleges, churches, galleries, and parks. Business took them also to the castles, where everything was as carefully noted. The boy acquired a great love for castles, though he early made up his mind that it was better to live in an ordinary place and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at. The boy imitated his father in keeping his little journal of these tours, and trying to describe accurately everything they saw. But his writings were not confined to his travels. From the time he was six years old he began to write books, or to print them neatly, and to dream of seeing a collection of his "works." He wrote poems, stories, and what not, from a play on the

Battle of Waterloo to an "Account of the Day of Judgment."

When the summer tours were over, he had his studies, not in school with other boys, but alone with his mother or a tutor. As soon as he could read, his mother taught him faithfully from the Bible. By the time he was twelve years old she had taken him through it six times, and much of it he was obliged to learn by rote. He considers this the most important part of his education, especially for its influence on his use of the English language. His mother was a conscientious teacher in other directions. She kept him three weeks on the couplet, —

> "Shall any following Spring revive
> The ashes of the urn?"

before she could get him to accent correctly the word "of," and her son says she would have kept at it if it had taken her three years instead of three weeks.

In his early childhood the family removed from the crowded streets of London to the suburb of Herne Hill, where a beautiful garden was attached to the house. This garden was Paradise to the boy. It differed from the Garden of Eden only in the fact that *all* the fruit was forbidden, and that there were no companionable beasts. He would have enjoyed the beasts, for he was a very lonely child. The faults of his training were that he had nothing to endure and nothing to love. He loved his parents in a distant, reverent way, and they were a part of his life, but he was not intimate with them. From the time he was seven years old he had his own independent mental existence, of which they knew nothing. Nevertheless, this sheltered simplicity of his life continued into manhood. His parents took him to Switzerland, in the same leisurely way in which they had travelled over England. He also saw France and Italy with them. He pities those who are obliged to see these countries by the aid of steam, in the hurry and bustle of modern travel. When he went to college his mother took rooms in Oxford to be near him, and he spent most of his evenings with her, the father coming down for Sundays. Thus the ease and quiet and luxury of Ruskin's early life are in striking contrast to the struggles and trials of Carlyle; but strange to say the two men arrived by these very different routes at practically the same standpoint, the same views of life.

It was the intention of Ruskin's parents that he should be a preacher, and in after years his father would say, with tears in his eyes, that John ought to have been a bishop. In his own plans the young man leaned now toward art, now toward poetry, now toward science, — for he had great talent in all three directions. Even before his college days he had written a series of articles for an architectural magazine which had attracted much attention. He had written also a series on geology for a magazine of Natural History, and many of his poems had been published in the annual called "Friendship's Offering." The editor spoke of him as "our gifted contributor." It was an accident which finally determined in what direction his genius should express itself. When a boy of thirteen, he had received from his father's partner a present of Roger's "Italy," with Turner's illustrations. He was fascinated with Turner's drawings, and from that moment became his ardent worshipper and disciple. He studied with loving care everything he could find of Turner's, and his first act on coming of age was to spend one third of his allowance for one of Turner's paintings.

During these years Turner was receiving much criticism and abuse, which Ruskin indignantly resented. A very severe article appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," which said, among other things, that one of Turner's paintings was "like models of different parts of Venice, streaked blue and white, and thrown into a flour-tub." Ruskin rushed to the defence of the artist. He began a reply in the shape of a letter to the magazine. It soon outgrew the proportions of a magazine article, and he decided to make a pamphlet of it. But it continued to grow on his hands until it became a good-sized book. This was the first volume of "Modern Painters," which increased to five volumes, as we have it now, and upon which he worked for twenty years. The first volume was published in 1843, when the author was twenty-four years old. Lest his youth might detract from the weight of his criticism, he did not give his own name to the work, but signed it simply "A Graduate of Oxford." He had at first named it "Turner and the Ancients," but on advice from his friends this very cumbersome title was given: "Modern Painters, their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., B. A." — The work was a passionate defence of Turner to the disparagement of Claude, Poussin, Cuyp, and other acknowledged landscape painters. It created a storm of criticism, ridicule, and scorn. A writer in "Blackwood" said his style might be excusable in a young country curate in his first year of probation. But Ruskin went calmly on his way writing the second volume. By the time this was finished his position as an art critic was assured.

At the close of the first volume he had made an appeal to the young artists of England to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, neglecting nothing, and scorning nothing." These words became the war-cry of a group of young artists, chief among whom were Holman Hunt, J. E. Millais, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite school." Their works were received by the public and the press with laughter and contempt. Ruskin hastened to their defence. He laid aside his book long enough to write a series of letters to the "Times" and to publish a pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism. In it he tried to explain the aim and intent of the movement, to show the sincerity and earnestness of the artists, and to point out the power and beauty of their work. He succeeded in obtaining recognition for them, and thus became their chosen friend and guide.

Ruskin must not be blamed for the extravagances that followed the movement of Pre-Raphaelitism, for the "symphonies in blue," the "arrangements in yellow," and the whole æsthetic craze connected with it. These were merely the dregs of the movement. There were genuine artists and men of genius among the number who started it, and these and their motives Ruskin recognized and defended. The whole burden of his art criticism was: "Nature before Conventionality." It was exactly the same gospel that Carlyle was preaching in every other sphere of work,—the gospel of sincerity. "Be sincere with yourself," he said, "knowing what you truly admire, and painting that;

refusing the hypocrisy of any ‘grand style’ or ‘high art’ just as much as you refuse to pander to vulgar tastes. Then vital art is produced; and if the workman be a man of great powers, great art.”

During all these years Ruskin’s life seemed outwardly a brilliantly successful one. To himself it seemed far otherwise. He had known his share of unhappiness. His first disappointment was of course a love affair, and although he was very young when it occurred, it had a serious influence upon his life. He was seventeen years old when his father’s partner, Mr. Domecq, brought his four Spanish daughters to visit the Ruskins. John Ruskin at once fell in love — madly, violently, passionately in love with one of them. He had been a lonely youth, always starved for affection. When love did come, he says, "it came with violence, utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least to me, who had never before had anything to manage." His love was not returned. He wrote stories for her, romantic stories of love and danger, and read them to her, but she only laughed at them and at him. He wrote poems to her, which were printed in "Friendship's Offering," but she laughed the more. His attainments in poetry, science, and art made no impression upon her. The gifted youth was far too serious for the brilliant Spanish beauty. During four years of constant devotion she gave him no word of encouragement, and he was finally obliged to abandon all hope and to see her married to a French nobleman. Ruskin wrote her a poem of "Farewell," and a fortnight later fell seriously ill, — whether because of his disappointment cannot be known. He was pronounced consumptive, was obliged to leave college and to travel. For two years he was dragged about from place to place and from doctor to doctor, in search of health. The consumptive tendency was finally conquered and he returned to Oxford to take his degree, but he had to give up all thought of the honors for which he had studied, and of a career in the church. Ever after this period he was an invalid.

It was during his convalescence that he was thrown with a beautiful Scotch girl, who was a favorite with his parents. She disapproved of his absorption in geology and art, and challenged him to write a fairy tale, which she believed to be beyond his powers. For her amusement he wrote the beautiful tale, "The King of the Golden River," which has since become a classic. A few years later, led by the urgent desires of his parents, rather than by the promptings of his own heart, Ruskin proposed marriage to this fair maid of Perth and was accepted. The father and mother believed that her health, spirits, and beauty would be exactly the right tonic for the retiring and morbid disposition of their son.

The girl's parents also favored the match because of the wealth and position it would give their daughter. And so the marriage took place. It proved a most unhappy one. It was a genuine case of "incompatibility" from the start. Ruskin sought earnestly to gain his wife's affection and to fulfil every duty. But they could not adapt themselves to each other. Their tastes were utterly discordant. The wife was brilliant, vivacious, and fond of the gay world. Ruskin cared nothing for society and was buried in graver thoughts. They grew farther apart every day, and after six years of married life she astonished the world by leaving him. His friends, almost without exception, took his part and could find nothing to blame in his conduct. With characteristic chivalry and delicacy, he forbore to make any defence or to give any explanation. He let gossip say what it would, and that there was plenty of talk, we may be sure.

The buzz and scandal increased when, some time after, Mrs. Ruskin married Millais, the painter, who had been one of her husband's nearest friends. Some say that Ruskin, who had praised Millais generously before, ceased to say anything about his pictures. It would be only human if he did, but there was another reason for his silence. Millais had begun to change his style, to become less spiritual and more sensual. It was one of Ruskin's strongest principles that " all art is delicate."

Through all this domestic unhappiness, Ruskin had continued his work. The volume on "Modern Painters" had grown to five volumes and had developed from a defence of Turner into an historical and comparative study of painting, ancient and modern. He had written also the " Seven Lamps of Architecture," and the three volumes on the " Stones of Venice." In the "Seven Lamps" he had tried to show that architecture is the medium through which we see the character of a nation; that the architecture of a people reflects its life, its history, and its religion. The seven lamps are: first, the lamp of Sacrifice, choosing precious material because it is the most precious. Second, the lamp of Truth, sincerity. Then the lamps of Power and Beauty, the lamp of Life, or spontaneity, and lastly, the lamps of Memory and Obedience, reverence for the past and a conformity to certain laws.

The "Stones of Venice" treats of the archæology and history of Venice, "unfolding the causes of her strength and glory, of her downfall and decay. Its aim is to show that the *Gothic* architecture of Venice had arisen out of a state of pure domestic faith and national virtue; and its *Renaissance* architecture had arisen out of a state of concealed national infidelity and domestic corruption." A nation's history, he said, is written more truly on her blocks of stone than in books. "All great architecture is the exponent of national virtue, and all debased architecture the exponent of national vice and shame." In the chapter "On the Nature of the Gothic," he emphasized the idea that art can only be produced by artists; that architecture, in so far as it is an art, does not mean the carrying out, by ignorant workmen, of the plans of an architect; that the reign of art can never come until artists are workmen, and workmen artists. When the Working-men's College was started, this chapter was printed as a tract and distributed to the members. It was also adopted as a text by that artist workman of a later day, William Morris.

Ruskin had been for twenty years writing unweariedly on art. He had made the public accept his views. He was acknowledged as the first art critic in England. He was the dictator of public taste. His word could make or mar the reputation of an artist. His annual reviews of the works exhibited in the Royal Academy were anxiously waited for and greedily devoured. So much was his judgment respected that the London Punch represents a member of the Royal Academy as complaining:—

"I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry;
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy."

Ruskin tried to be extremely just in his judgments. He would not praise the work of his friends unless it were worthy. Some resented his fairness and candor. He wrote to an artist who was his friend, and regretted that he could not speak more favorably of his picture, but hoped it would make no difference in their friendship. The artist replied: "Dear Ruskin,—Next time I meet you, I shall knock you down; but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship."

In addition to his writing Ruskin had many other interests. He was greatly interested in the "Workingmen's College," and for years gave one evening out of the week, the year round, to teaching there. Only those who have known something of the work of teaching in night schools can appreciate what this meant. He was interested in many philanthropic plans, both public and private. He was always the most generous of men. For the artists he befriended he did much more than praise their work. He agreed to buy from Dante Gabriel Rossetti, up to a certain sum, all the drawings he would produce every year. When Rossetti could find no publisher for his poems Ruskin himself assumed the cost of publication. He did the same thing for the volume on the Early Italian Poets.

Notwithstanding all these various interests and occupations, notwithstanding his twenty years' study and labor in the field of art, notwithstanding the success he had achieved, Ruskin was not satisfied with his life. It all seemed to him trivial and useless. He had reached the point to which every real thinker and worker is bound to come, the point where the only important question in the world seemed to be: "Why is there so much misery and suffering in the world, and what can I do to help it?" "What is the object of my life, or of any life?" Under this impulse he first began to write upon what he called the Political Economy of Art, trying to find the best means of employing artists, of educating workmen, and of elevating public taste. He urged the necessity of preserving ancient monuments, of making art a means of education; and the advantage of preferring artistic decoration to machine-made wares. He would have drawing taught in the schools, not to make artists, but to give to every one the joy that comes from the study of art, to create a right taste in those who were to be the future patrons and critics, and lastly, "to leave no Giotto lost among the hill shepherds,"—that is, to develop any possible artistic soul in England. His ideas were far in advance of his day, especially his views as to the duty of the State in regard to education. It was the general belief that if a person preferred ignorance it was his privilege to have it; that the State had no right to interfere and teach him or his children against his will.

It may now be observed that there are several distinct stages in the evolution of Mr. Ruskin's mind. Until he was forty years old he was a writer on art. After that, art became secondary to ethics. He had also been a philanthropist, using time and money freely in every scheme for helping the condition of the working-man. He now began to feel that something more than philanthropy was needed; that it was of little use to keep mending the cracks when the whole vessel needed to be overhauled and put in repair. He set himself to solve the problem. For the next few years he lived almost alone in the Alps, studying the disease and its remedy. He began a series of articles embodying his views for the "Cornhill Magazine," of which his friend Thackeray was the editor. These aroused such a storm of indignation and criticism that after the third article, Thackeray was obliged to write and tell him to discontinue them. A year later the editor of "Fraser's Magazine," thinking he could be more bold than the "Cornhill," offered his pages to Ruskin. Another series was begun, but this time it was the publisher who interfered and put an end to the series. The first series now forms the volume called "Unto This Last," the second, "Munera Pulveris." These were followed by "Time and Tide on Weare and Tine," which resulted from a correspondence with a working-man who had written to ask his advice. The principal teaching in these three works is the same, the key-note of Ruskin's system: "Government and Co-operation are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death." Competition, Ruskin hates above all things. He would do away with it in every place, in schools, in trades, in business, and between nations. By co-operation he does not mean the combination of workmen and masters, for profit sharing, but the union of all working-men, for mutual help. The true wealth of a nation, he says, is the number of good men and women it can produce. The business of a nation is to cultivate the human plant—to furnish men and women not only with food and clothing, but with air and light and beauty. When he taught art in the Working-men's College, it was not in order that the men might get on, but that they might have the joy that comes from the understanding of art. He would educate men, not that they might get into good society, but because books are the best society that can be found.

The foundation principle of Ruskin's political economy is the brotherhood of man. "Any system which does not recognize this principle, is not political economy," he says, "but commercial economy, mercantile economy." Thirty years ago he asked, "May not the manufacture of souls of a good quality be worthy our attention?" The greatest kindness to the working-man is to make him satisfied with his life. Not by preaching a cheap content. Don't knock him into a ditch and then tell him to be content in the position in which Providence has placed him. Providence did not put him there. But make him satisfied with life by teaching him to get the enjoyment out of it. The reason that strikes and outbreaks occur is not because the workmen are ill-fed, but because they find no pleasure in their work, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. We have made machines of them. Instead of this he would teach them that there are three material things, not only useful, but essential to life. "No one 'knows how to live' till he has got them. These are, Pure

Air, Water, and Earth. There are three immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also. These are, Admiration, Hope, and Love."

There is no limit to the ridicule that has been heaped upon Ruskin's Political Economy. Even his admirers consider it impractical, theoretical, and Utopian; while to others it is unmitigated nonsense. Nevertheless, in the last thirty years public opinion in England has been continually approaching nearer to Ruskin's views. To be sure, it has not yet reached his altruistic standpoint, but the average Briton is beginning to acknowledge that there is a moral standard for nations as well as for individuals, that selfishness is not a safe guide for the individual or the nation. Mr. Ruskin holds that the great vice of our day is selfishness, the commercial spirit, the demon of "getting on." Our only aim in life is to "get on," no matter at whose expense.

The best test of a man's theories is his life. How far does his practice conform to his teaching? How far is he willing to apply his theories to his every-day life? Does he live his thoughts? Let us apply this test to Ruskin. He inherited from his father a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds — a million dollars. With the exception of his beautiful home, nothing was left of this at the time of his death. His only income was what he received from his writings. The entire fortune had been spent in public and private charities. His first act on coming into the fortune was to settle several thousand pounds on relatives who were not so comfortable as himself. While he was Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford he spent immense sums on the university, in the effort to equip the drawing-school. Museums, poor people's homes, and schools were the chief objects of his generosity. Through Miss Octavia Hill, he bought up old tenement houses in London and rebuilt them, in order to provide comfortable homes for the poor at moderate rent.

But Ruskin's chief philanthropic project, the one he had most at heart, was the establishment of "St. George's Guild." He was moved to this work by the misery of England. He said: "I simply can not paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any, has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." "St. George's Guild" was Ruskin's Utopia, his ideal State. It was founded to demonstrate to the world three facts: first, that food can only be got out of the ground; second, that happiness can only be got from honesty: third, that the highest wisdom, and the highest treasure need not be costly nor exclusive.

In May, 1871, in the current number of "Fors Clavigera," Mr. Ruskin called on any landlords who would rather be served "by men than by iron devils" to come and help him; and he called for tenants and workmen who could vow to work and live faithfully for the sake of the joy of their homes. He gave to the enterprise one-tenth of all he possessed, and pledged himself to give one-tenth of all that he should thereafter earn or own. Those who joined the order were to give one-tenth "to the making of a happy England." "We will try," said Mr. Ruskin, "to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads;

we will have no untended and unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick, none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour, at the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere we will carry it either on the backs of beasts or on our own, or in carts or boats; we will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields — and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance in it and sing in it—perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us, and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. The object of the society is to buy land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children as the land we possess can maintain in comfort."

A tract of land was bought near Sheffield, rentable to workingmen at three per cent. Mr. Ruskin was called the master of the Guild. Those who gave money or land were called "companions." The tenants or laborers were called "retainers." Each family was put on trial for a year. If they behaved well, they were allowed a lease of the land for three years. After that a longer lease if they desired it, with power to purchase. Each one who entered the Guild was required to subscribe to the following creed:—

(1) I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while I live.

(2) I trust in the nobleness of human

nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself; and even when I cannot, I will act as if I did.

(3) I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do it with my might.

(4) I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, nor cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, nor cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

(5) I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

(6) I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention

with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

(7) I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, so far as such laws and commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately — not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

(8) And with the same faithfulness, and under the same limits, . . . I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George.

The object of the Guild was threefold, — agricultural, industrial, and artistic. In the first of these the motive was to give to men and women the three material things which Ruskin considers essential to life: pure air, pure water, and pure earth. In the industrial line much attention has been given to the revival of home arts and industries, such as hand-spinning, weaving, lace-making, wood-carving, and working in metal. One of the most interesting of these experiments was the restoration of the dead industry of hand-made linen. Another was the revival in the Isle of Man of the decaying industry of spinning and weaving woollen cloth. On the artistic side the most important work of the Guild has been the establishment of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, — a museum equipped according to Ruskin's ideas for the practical study of the history of art.

During all these busy years, while giving his energies to making England better and men happier, and students more useful, Mr. Ruskin was passing through a great sorrow. For many years after his wife's desertion, he had lived not only a lonely, but a shy and secluded life. Always sensitive, that cruel experience had made him more so, and less fitted to mingle with the world. Yet he longed for affection. His heart was hungry for the happiness that is not denied to other men. It was one of his pupils, a woman much younger than himself, who had come into his life and who seemed to satisfy that longing. She promised to become his wife, and his friends rejoiced that he who had written so beautifully of the home was to know its joys. But the lady was very devout, and she became disturbed by some of Ruskin's utterances in "Fors Clavigera," which was then appearing in monthly numbers. She could not understand his position, and, deciding that she "could not yoke herself with an unbeliever," broke the engagement. She refused to see him again, although it broke her heart and cost her her life. She faded rapidly away, and no plea or argument of Ruskin's could change her resolution. At length, when he knew her to be on her death-bed, Ruskin, almost maddened with grief, begged earnestly for one last interview. The reply was, that if he could say he loved God better than he loved her, she would grant it. He could not say it, and she died without seeing him. When we read some of Ruskin's sublime passages on the meaning of life, we are amazed that one who loved him could be so unable to distinguish between the letter and the spirit.

Ruskin's style is something upon which we could afford to spend a great deal of time. The world has known no greater master of English prose. When we read his beautiful word pictures in "Modern Painters" we feel that we have never known before what beauty there is in the clouds, the rocks, and the trees. He himself was inclined to laugh at this early style of his, at his fondness for clothing his thoughts in fine words. "People used to call me a good writer then," he said; "now they say I cannot write at all, because, for instance, if I think anybody's house is on fire, I only say, 'Sir, your house is on fire.' Whereas formerly I used to say, 'Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of youth, is in a state of inflammation.' And everybody used to like the sound of the two *p*'s in 'probably passed,' and of the two *d*'s in 'delightful days.'" In his later, ethical writings, he preferred a more direct and forcible style, yet if he only told you your house was on fire, he told it in such an eloquent and convincing way, that you were conscious of the smoke and the flame.

Ruskin's later years were overshadowed by a dark cloud. Repeated attacks of illness, and continuous overwork, brought on a disease of the brain, which made him sometimes, for months at a time, violently insane. The cloud passed by, and the evening of his life was quiet and serene, but his life's work was done. On the roll of England's great men we find few who have been so much revered and loved, by that large mass of people whom we call the laboring classes, as was Mr. Ruskin. His was the first instance known of societies being formed for the study of a man's works in his own lifetime. The Browning societies sprang up later. There are Ruskin clubs in almost every city and town of England, and these are largely composed of workingmen.

The domains in which Ruskin's influence has been most widely felt are those of art and religion. Many artists have come to feel that unless the growing materialism of the age is checked in some way, there is no future for art. Creative genius will die unless we can prevent the spiritual side of our natures from being crushed by the material. Artists who feel this look upon Ruskin as their prophet. Wm. Morris, poet, painter and socialist, was his ardent disciple. There can be no art unless the artist does his work freely and gladly, and not for hope of gain.

In religion, Ruskin's influence has been vital in England during the present generation. Not only has he taught men that the spirit is more than the form, but he has awakened them to the truth that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." He has made men understand the true meaning of the brotherhood of man. The doctrine known as Christian Socialism, may be said to be the outgrowth of his influence.

The teachings of Ruskin may be summed up in his own formula: "There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

THE GOSPEL OF COUNT TOLSTOI

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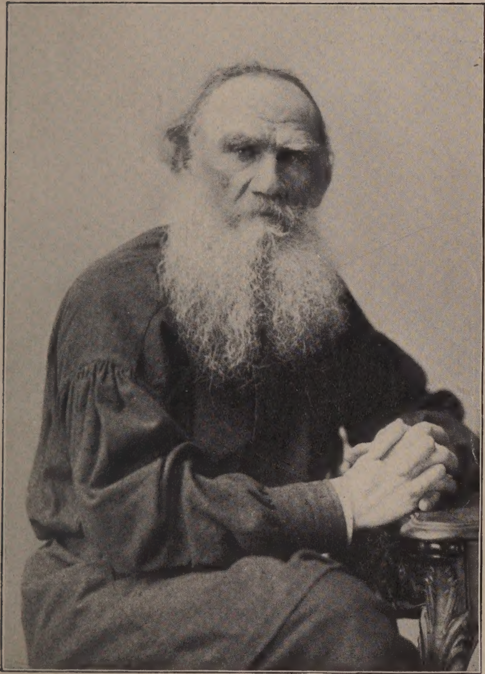
FROM time to time, even in this practical nineteenth century, there have been men who interpreted the New Testament literally and endeavored to govern their lives according to that literal interpretation, only to find themselves in hopeless antagonism with the world, regarded by the respectable majority as criminals or lunatics.

One of the most striking examples of the attempt to live the Christ life, is the case of Count Tolstoi. We at this distance look with mild contempt on what the newspapers are pleased to call his crazy and fanatical ideas; but the Russian peasants who live around him and come under his influence are almost ready to believe that Christ has come to earth again, at least that the Christ spirit is present in his representative.

We are apt to think it natural that a man born in poverty should preach poverty; that a man of low birth should declare that one man is as good as another; that a man of mediocre talent should be willing to gain notoriety by making himself eccentric. But when a man of great wealth, of the highest rank, and of unquestioned genius, is ready to forego all these advantages, to give up his wealth, to forget his rank, and to lay aside



Count Lyof Tolstoi.

his ambition, — to place himself on a level with the lowest peasant, — we are sure to ask, What philosophy of life has led him to this conclusion? Through what influence has he reached his plane? An aristocrat who lives as the humblest peasant, a rich man who denies himself all luxuries that he may give to others, a famous author who spends his time digging potatoes and mending shoes when he might be gaining fresh laurels, is an object of interest. Particularly when, as in the case of Tolstoi, he has been able to influence the world.

To move the world he first moved his own country; and to understand the Russia of to-day we must study the writings of Tolstoi. First, because he has painted so vividly every phase of Russian life and character; and second, because he has had so large a share in forming the character of the rising generation. But his influence is not confined to Russia. He has disciples in every land. In France the study of his works has led to the founding of a wholly new school of literature, an entirely new movement, known as the "Neo-Christian."

Tolstoi claims that the philosophy of life is found in the teachings of Christ, as he interprets them. Acknowledged to be the greatest living novelist of Europe, or of the world, Tolstoi the author has abdicated in favor of Tolstoi the preacher. Instead of painting life for the entertainment and edification of the world, he turns his attention to living it, first to the right ordering of his own life, then to teaching others how to live. While lovers of books are vainly wishing he would give us another "Anna Karénina," he avoids all mention of his novels and considers that period of his life as frivolous and unprofitable.

If we read his books in the order in which they were written, we can trace the steps by which he has reached the plane he now occupies, and may follow what Browning so loved to study, the development of a human soul. In the book called "My Confession," he has revealed to us various phases of this development, from the conceit and skepticism of his youth, through the pessimism and despair of maturity, to the faith which is now his guide and consolation. In his later books, "My Religion," "What to do," and "The Kingdom of Christ is within You," he has shown us what that faith is. Although he has named one book "My Confession," all his writings, like Goethe's, are confessions. His first novel, "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," is as truly autobiography as Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit." "Irteneff" is Lyof Tolstoi. The incidents, it is true, are somewhat changed; for instance, Irteneff's mother lives until he is twelve years old, while Tolstoi's died when he was two. But the inner life, the thoughts and emotions of the child, the boy, the youth, are given to us with a frankness which would have pleased Rousseau.

Lyof Tolstoi was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana, — Clear Streak, — his father's estate in Russia. Losing both parents at an early age, he was placed in the hands of relatives, and his early training was of the regulation pattern given to all children of wealthy Russians. He had his English tutor, his German tutor, his French tutor. He was taught all the observances of society and all the forms and ceremonies of the Orthodox Greek Church.

He had as a child a strain of intense piety. It was his habit to note down in a copy-book, kept specially for that purpose, every little sin he had committed since his last confession, in order that he might repent it and refrain from it in future. Once he arose at three o'clock in the morning, and rode many miles to confess to the priest a sin that he had forgotten in the regular confession of the day before. Having relieved his mind of the sin he could not help thinking how good the priest must think him, to be so particular about a little thing. In the same way he could not help analyzing his feelings of grief at the death of his father. His grief was genuine, but there was mingled with it self-love, a desire to show that he was more sorry than any one else, a solicitude as to the impression he was producing upon others.

The great sorrow of Tolstoi's childhood was his personal appearance. He had an elder brother who was strikingly handsome, but he himself was utterly lacking in beauty. He was early taught that no one would love him for his good looks, and that therefore he must strive to be a good and sensible boy. He was painfully sensitive to the contrast between his brother's winning exterior and his own unattractive one.

"Moments of despair," he says, "often visited me. I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; and I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face." Even when he grew up the feeling did not leave him. He would gaze in the mirror with a heavy feeling of sorrow, and even of aversion. "I was convinced that my appearance was not only plain, but I could not comfort myself with the consolation usual in such cases,—I could not say that my face was expressive, intellectual, or noble. There was nothing expressive about it; the features were of the coarsest, most ordinary and homeliest. My small gray eyes were stupid rather than intelligent, particularly when I looked in the mirror. There was still less manliness in my visage; although I was not so very diminutive in stature, and was very strong for my age. All my features were soft, flabby, and unformed. There was not even anything noble about my person; on the contrary, my face was exactly like that of a common peasant (muzhik); and I had just such big hands and feet. This seemed to me at that time very disgraceful."

We may judge something of the tenor of Tolstoi's moral training in his youth, from the fact that his aunt said to him when a student, "Nothing is so useful to a young man as a liaison with a married woman,—it helps to form him, makes him *comme il faut*." This *comme il faut* was at that time the magic phrase by which his life was governed. Nothing in life seemed to him so desirable as this mysterious quality. He considered it, in fact, an indispensable condition in life, without which there could be neither happiness nor glory, nor anything good in the world.

All people in the world were, for him, divided into two classes, those who were *comme il faut* and those who were not. By this second class he meant those of a certain position who were lacking in this respect. The common people for him did not exist. The conditions of this quality were: first, a perfect pronunciation of French; second, long, clean, polished fingernails; third, a knowledge of how to bow, dance, converse; and fourth, a very important one, indifference to everything, and the constant expression of a certain elegant scornful ennui. His whole time was given to attaining these things. Hours were spent in secretly practising bowing, conversation, dancing, French; in cultivating indifference and ennui; and many, many hours of arduous labor were devoted to his finger-nails. He could not have respected a renowned artist, nor a scholar nor a benefactor to the human race, if he had not been *comme il faut.*

The chief harm this idea did to him was not the loss of time employed in worrying over it, which excluded every serious interest. It was not the contempt of nine-tenths of the human race who lived outside the charmed life. The chief harm consisted in the conviction that this quality was a sufficient object in life. That a man who had attained it need not exert himself to become anything else; that having attained this state, he has fulfilled his vocation, and has even placed himself above the majority of mankind.

We get a glimpse of the self-sufficiency of the Russian nobility from Tolstoi's confession of his surprise when he first realized that the world did not revolve round his family, and that there was another life for those who had nothing in common with them. "I wondered," he says, "what they would occupy themselves with, since they cared nothing about us."

A fresh surprise awaited him at

the university, where he found that students of a different position in life, who were not *comme il faut* and cared nothing about that mysterious talisman, knew much more than he did. If he attempted to display his knowledge of music, or language, or literature, he found that they knew everything better than he did, and were not in the least proud of it. And yet, for some reason, he felt superior to them, and of different clay. At times he would ask himself, "What is that height from which I look down upon them? My acquaintance with Prince Ivan Ivanovitch? My pronunciation of French? My drozhky? My cambric shirts? My finger-nails?" And now and then a suspicion passed dimly through his mind that all this was nonsense. He even envied the fellowship and good-will of these youths who were not in society. Tolstoi did little in the university. He changed from mathematics to medicine, then to law, and from that to Oriental languages. Because of his fickleness and lack of application, he failed to pass his examinations, and obtained no degree.

On leaving the university he entered the military service and was sent to the Caucasus. The wild and picturesque life of the region is vividly described in his novel "The Cossacks." It was here that his first novels were written. He is himself the hero of the "Cossacks," as of "Childhood, Boyhood and Youth." At his own desire he was transfered to the Crimea. He took an active part in the Crimean War, and was present at the siege of Sebastopol. The picture of that terrible siege is given in three of his striking sketches. This intimate knowledge of the horrors of war no doubt inspired him with that aversion to war and military glory which appears so eloquently in his later writings.

At the close of the war Count Tolstoi retired from military service and lived for a time in St. Petersburgh, where he made the acquaintance of Turgenieff and the other literary men of the capital. They received him with open arms, he says, and with much flattery. In the book called "My Confession," Tolstoi has given in a few brief lines a picture of his life during the first ten years after leaving college,—a picture which would suit many a Russian nobleman of that day or this; he was, in fact, considered more particular than was necessary, by the men of his class.

"I cannot now recall those years," he says, "without a painful feeling of horror and loathing. . . . I put men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, and murder, all committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man. Such was my life during ten years."

"During that time I began to write, out of vanity, love of gain, and pride. I followed as a writer the same path I had chosen as a man. In order to obtain the fame and money for which I wrote, I was obliged to hide what was good and bow down before what was evil. How often while writing have I cudgelled my brains to conceal under the mask of indifference or pleasantry those yearnings for something better which formed the real problem of life. I succeeded in my object and was praised."

The view of life taken by his fellow-writers was that life is a development, and that the chief part in that development is played by themselves, the thinkers and poets. Their vocation is to teach mankind. To avoid answering the question, "What do I know, and what do I teach?" they accept the theory that the thinker and the poet teach unconsciously. "I was myself considered a marvellous littérateur and poet," says Tolstoi, "and therefore, very naturally, adopted this theory. Meanwhile, thinker and poet though I was, I wrote and taught I knew not what. For doing this I received large sums of money; I kept a splendid table, had an excellent lodging, associated with loose women, and received many friends handsomely; moreover, I had fame. It would seem, then, that what I taught must have been good."

After two or three years his faith in this theory of the development of life, and in himself as one of its high-priests, began to waver. The first thing that weakened his faith was the fact that the great prophets did not agree among themselves; they quarrelled, abused and slandered each other. Another thing was the character of these teachers. Many of them were worthless, immoral men. He grew disgusted with mankind and with himself. Yet he still continued to write and to publish, and to call himself a thinker and a poet. He lived in this senseless manner, he says, another six years. In company with Turgenieff he visited Italy and Germany, studying especially the educational system. The outcome of his travels was a series of pamphlets on pedagogy and a strong interest in the education and improvement of the peasants. He established a free school on his estate at Clear Streak, where he was the principal teacher, and where his theories of education were carefully carried out.

In 1862 Count Tolstoi married Miss Sophie Andreevne Behrs, the daughter of a Moscow doctor. The details of his courtship, even to the proposal, are told literally in "Anna Karénina." After their marriage they retired to his estate of Yasnaya Polyana, as he hated the life of cities. They remained there eighteen years uninterruptedly, with the exception of one winter in Moscow. In "Anna Karénina" we may read the story of their daily life. The character of Levine is that of Tolstoi himself, with his struggles, his doubts, his straightforward simplicity, his theories.

His wife is an equally wonderful character. For thirty-eight years she has been his helpmate in every way. Not only his help and aid in all literary labors, she has done him the greater service of thoroughly believing in him from first to last. Her brother describes her attitude toward her husband as that of a religious worshipper and zealous guardian of some sacred well. Her self-imposed task is not an easy one, owing to his carelessness and unmethodical habits. It is she who always collects and puts into order the scraps and bits of paper on which he is wont to write his works. She alone is able to make out his marvellously illegible handwriting, to decipher his hastily scratched scrawls and fantastic hieroglyphics, and to guess correctly from his incomplete words and phrases the thoughts and ideas he wished to express. Her skill in this respect is the frequent theme of the Count's astonishment and praise. His novel, "War and Peace," consisting of six volumes, was completely copied out by her no less than seven times before its publication. She has also made accurate copies of those of his works which have never been published. In the mean time she has been the mother of thirteen children, every one of whom she has nursed herself. Nine of them are still living, the oldest thirty-five years old, the youngest ten. The mother has been the teacher of all her children up to their tenth year. After that age tutors and governesses were provided, but they were required to carry out the theories of the parents.

His happy family life for a time silenced Tolstoi's doubts and questionings, and led him away from the search after the meaning of life as a whole. His efforts to effect his own individual perfection, which had been merged into strife for general progress, now was changed into an effort to secure the particular happiness of his family. He continued to write, although he says that during all that time he looked upon the craft of authorship as a very trifling thing. "I had experienced the seductions of authorship, the temptation of an enormous pecuniary reward and of great applause for valueless work, and gave myself up to it as a means of improving my material position and of stifling all the feelings which led me to question my own life and that of society for the meaning in them." The works of which he speaks so slightingly were the powerful novels "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina."

For fifteen years he contented

himself in this way, — living in the country, teaching his children, managing his estate, mingling with the peasants as much as possible, trying to educate and influence them. But the old doubts and questionings were clamoring to be heard. Like Carlyle he had to settle for himself the questions, Why do I live? What is life? What comes after? Till he could find some clue to the meaning of life, he could do nothing. He could not go on with the education of his children, with the writing of books, until he could find some reason for doing those things. If he tried to think of the details of the management of his estate, the question came, "Well, I have now six thousand desatins in the government of Samara, and three thousand horses — what then? What of it?" "When I considered how the well-being of the people might best be promoted, I suddenly exclaimed, 'But what concern have I with it?' When I thought of the fame which my works had gained me, I used to say to myself, 'Well, what if I should be more famous than Gogol, Poushkin, Molière — than all the writers of the world — well, and what then?' I could find no reply. I could find no reason for life, or for any single act of life. Illness and death would come, if not to-day then to-morrow, to those whom I loved, to myself, and nothing would remain but stench and worms. All my acts, whatever I did, would sooner or later be forgotten, and I myself be nowhere. Why, then, busy one's self with anything?" These thoughts drove him to despair. Although he had a happy home, wealth, fame, and occupation, he was often haunted by the thought of suicide. He ceased to carry a gun, to avoid the temptation of taking his own life. For the same reason, he hid away a rope that he might not be tempted to hang himself.

He could only think of the old Eastern fable about a traveller in the steppes who is attacked by a furious beast. "To save himself the traveller gets into a dried well; but at the bottom of it he sees a dragon with his jaws wide open to devour him. The unhappy man dares not get out for fear of the wild beast, and dares not descend for fear of the dragon, so he catches hold of the branch of a wild plant growing in a crevice of the wall. His arms grow tired, and he feels that he must soon perish, death awaiting him on either side, but he still holds on; and then he sees two mice, one black and one white, gnawing through the trunk of the wild plant, as they gradually and evenly make their way around it. The plant must soon give way, break off, and he will fall into the jaws of the dragon. The traveller sees this, and knows that he must inevitably perish; but while still hanging he looks around him, and finding some drops of honey on the leaves of the wild plant, he stretches out his tongue and licks them."

"Thus," said Tolstoi, "do I cling to the branch of life, knowing that the dragon of death inevitably awaits me, ready to tear me to pieces; and I cannot understand why such fortunes have fallen to my lot.

"I also strive to suck the honey which once comforted me, but it palls on my palate, while the white mouse and the black, day and night, gnaw through the branch to which I cling. I see the dragon too plainly, and the honey is no longer sweet; I see the dragon from whom there is no escape, and the mice; I cannot turn my eyes from them." The two drops of honey that made him for a time forget the truth, were his family and his writing, his art. But these no longer tasted sweet to him. His family were human beings, like himself, and could only live for the like despair. And as for art, what did that amount to in the face of death?

In his fiftieth year he found life impossible unless he could obtain an answer to the question, "What result will there be from what I am doing now, and may do to-morrow? What will be the issue of my life? Why should I live? Is there any meaning in my life which can overcome the inevitable death awaiting me?" He sought the answer in human learning and human wisdom. But science and philosophy could only answer, "I do not know." He questioned the wise men of the past—Solomon, Socrates, Buddha. Solomon said: "All is vanity. What profit has a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever. . . . For there is no remembrance of the wise man more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is in the days to come shall be forgotten. . . . Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Socrates said: "The life of the body is evil and a lie, and so the annihilation of that life is a good for which we ought to wish." Buddha said: "To live, knowing that sufferings, old age, and death are inevitable, is not possible; we must get rid of life, get rid of the possibility of living." The Indian sage told him the story of Sakya Muni, the young prince from whom had been kept the knowledge of illness, old age, and death. Once while out driving he saw a horrible-looking, toothless old man. He inquired what it meant, why the man was in such a pitiable and disgusting state. When he learned that this was the common lot of all men, to which he himself must come, he ordered his carriage to be driven home that he might think it all over. Some comfort must have been found, for another day he got into his carriage and was driven away merry and happy. This time he was met by a sick man. He saw a worn-out, tottering man, who was quite blue in the face and had dim eyes. The prince stopped and asked what it was. When he learned that it was illness, that all men are subject to it, that he himself, young and happy as he was, might fall ill the next day, he again lost all desire for amusement, and gave orders to drive home. In some way he found peace of mind, for a third time he started in his carriage. This time also he saw something new. Some men were carrying something by. What was it? A dead body. What is a dead body? When death was explained to him, and he learned that it was the common lot of all men, that it would be so with him, that he too must one day be put under the ground to become food for worms, he once more ordered his carriage back, and would never go again.

Thus Tolstoi's wanderings through the fields of knowledge not only failed to cure him of his despair, but increased it. All the sages gave him the same answer: "All is vanity;" a misfortune to be born. Death was better than life. Having failed to find an explanation in knowledge, he began to seek it in life itself. He began to watch the lives of the men about him, to see how they treated the question. He found that the people of his class met it in four ways: first with ignorance. The majority of women and very young or very stupid men, not understanding the problem of life, did not see either the dragon or the mice, and so enjoyed the honey. A second way was the Epicurean, knowing the evil and hopelessness of life, and yet taking the advantage of every good there is in it, avoiding the sight of the dragon and the mice, forgetting the future. A third class escape by suicide. The fourth way is through weakness, to know the evil and absurdity of life and yet live on, wash, dress, dine, talk, and even write books, and so consent to live in despair. In the fourth class Tolstoi ranked himself. And all this time he fancied he was studying mankind. It seemed to him that the small circle of learned, rich, and idle people to which he himself belonged formed the whole of humanity, and that the millions living outside of it were animals, not men. He thought the life of a Solomon, a Schopenhauer, a Tolstoi, was alone real and fit, and the life lived by unconsidered millions a circumstance not worthy of attention.

Fortunately for Tolstoi, his instinctive affection for the laboring classes and his fondness for country life led him to realize that he and a few thousand like him did not constitute the whole of mankind, — that he was still ignorant of what life was. He found that the unconsidered millions who form the great world of humanity had another answer to his questions. For them the meaning of life was faith. He was compelled to admit that besides the reasoning knowledge, which had seemed to him the only true knowledge, there was in every living man another kind of knowledge, an unreasoning one which gives a possibility of living, — faith.

His reason might not accept faith, but he was obliged to confess that faith alone gave man an answer as to the meaning of life. But when he turned to those of his own class who were believers, he found their lives in flat contradiction to their faith. They lived as he did. They were as much afraid of poverty and illness and death as he was, whereas their faith should have destroyed that fear. Then he began to study the lives of the people, to seek the germs of faith among the poor, the simple, the ignorant, pilgrims, — monks, peasants. And in them alone he found that faith and works agreed.

"In direct opposition to what I saw in my own circle, where not one in many a thousand is a believer, — amongst the people there was not in thousands a single unbeliever. In contrast to our lives, spent in idleness, amusement, and dissatisfaction with life — theirs are passed in heavy labor and unrepining content. Contrary to the men of our sphere, who rebel against fate, and are angry at every privation, at every pain, these believers endure sickness and sorrow without any complaint, in the conviction that all is for the best." These men, deprived of all that for Solomon and for us makes the only good in life, experience the highest happiness. He saw that not only two or three, not ten or a hundred, but thousands and millions of men had so understood the meaning of life that they were able both to live and to die. The life of his own circle of rich and learned men not only became repulsive to him, but lost all meaning whatever. Their actions, their reasoning, their science and art, all appeared to him mere child's play. He found among these peasants the meaning of life, and he accepted it.

After ten years of struggle and search he had found the truth which every prophet finds, the truth proclaimed by Faust, that only in renunciation is life; the moral scheme which can alone reconcile us to existence is, not to think of self, but to love others. We can then trace the path which has led Tolstoi to his present position. "He started with this principle, — the exclusive development of the ego, the individual. In practice, this principle led him to conflict, to violence, and to hatred. He ended with this principle,— the absolute sacrifice of the ego. In practice, this principle leads him to a life of abnegation, of gentleness, of love." "And thus," he says, the vital forces were renewed in me, and I began again to live."

In Tolstoi's books we may see all the mental states through which he has passed from one of these extremes to the other. The reason he sought so long in vain for an answer to the meaning of life, was because he made the mistake of taking his own life as a type of life in general. "I had asked what my own life meant, and the answer was,—an evil, and a thing without meaning. Exactly so, my life was but a long indulgence of my passions; it was a thing without meaning, an evil; and such an answer, therefore, referred only to my life, and not to human life in general."

In his new love for the peasantry, Tolstoi at first adopted their creed in all its details. But the formalism, superstition, and dogma of the Greek Church proved too much for him, and he freed himself from them; gradually formulating a creed of his own, based solely on the Gospels. So widely does this differ from the doctrine of the Greek

Church that his "Commentary on the Gospels," was solemnly burned in public by the Synod, while none of his best books, as "My Religion," "What to Do," "What is life," can be published in Russia. One is amazed, however, at the extent to which they are circulated in manuscript. Mr. Kennan found copies of them among the exiles of Siberia. They reach the world through the medium of French translations.

Having accepted faith as his guide, it remained for Tolstoi to apply his Christianity to practical life. His manner of doing so has made a sensation throughout the world. He is not willing to have the precepts of Christ modified to suit the demands of our modern civilization. He insists upon taking them literally: "If thine enemy smite thee upon one cheek, turn him the other one also. . . Resist not evil. . . . Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." It was in 1879, after the "Confession" was finished, that Tolstoi first met Soutayeff, the peasant preacher, who was to have so great an influence upon his later life.

The foundation of Tolstoi's creed, as of Soutayeff's, is love. His belief may be summed up in three general rules or principles, which he considers necessary to the welfare of mankind and the development of the individual. They are: "that we should not oppose evil with force; that we should not consume more than we ourselves produce; that men and women should equally practise and aspire towards purity and chastity."

There are in the world five evils that he wishes to avoid. These are: first, enmity and anger; second, loose living; third, the taking of oaths; fourth, resistance of evil by violence; fifth, the distinction we make between our own nation and foreigners, which leads to war. To correct these five evils, he finds in the teaching of Christ five commandments by which he tries to govern his life. These are: first, Be at peace with all men; do not allow yourself to consider any one as low and stupid. Second, Do not commit adultery; resist carnal desires. Third, Do not take oaths; "swear not at all." (Do not bind yourself to the will of another.) Fourth, Do not render evil for evil; never seek vengeance (or justice). Fifth, Do not break the peace; know that all men are brothers.

The fulfilment of these commandments will exclude evil from the life of man. As there are five commandments and five evils in the world, so there are five conditions of happiness, all of which are best secured by following the precepts of Christ. The five conditions of happiness are: first, communion with nature; second, work; third, family life; fourth, communion with your fellow men; fifth, health.

Count Tolstoi has one great regret; namely, that his family has rendered it impossible for him to abandon all that he had in order to follow the life of those who have nothing. He would gladly obey literally the command, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," but his family will not permit it, and he cannot force them. If he could consider only his own will he would give up his estates, his books, everything. He is obliged against his will to live on his ancestral estate. He takes no part in the management of it, or in the sale of his books. He is, as it were, a guest in his wife's house. He lives on the simplest fare, wears the dress of the peasants, and performs all kinds of manual labor. He allows no servant to wait upon him, but does everything himself even to the care of his own room.

Some of his children agree with his ideas, some do not. He makes no attempt to constrain them. For occupation, he makes shoes, ploughs, mows. If a poor man comes to ask for wood, he takes his axe and goes with him to cut it.

No one comes to ask alms of him without receiving something. The fact that there are thousands of men who suffer hunger, cold, and degradation, while thousands of others are daintily clothed and fed, seems to him a crime, and a crime in which he shares the guilt. "I shall never cease to feel," he says, "that I am a partaker in that never ceasing crime, so long as I have superfluous food and another has none, so long as I have two coats and another has none."

In his later years he has abjured novel writing save when he has some doctrine to promulgate, as in "The Death of Ivan Illytch," or in "Master and Man." The latter embodies the truth for which Tolstoi's life stands, the truth of human brotherhood, — that happiness is only found in living for others.

In his latest work he has again embodied his teachings in the form of fiction. "Resurrection" is the story of the awakening of two dead souls. The author tries to press home the thought that a man is responsible for the soul of one who is led by him into sin. Nekhludoff, the hero, is suddenly brought face to face with the woman whom he had betrayed and forsaken years before. As a result of that first fall, she has descended, step by step, into a life of shame and degradation, until all sense of womanhood is dead within her. Nekhludoff is so aroused to a realization of his own responsibility in the matter that he resolves to devote his life to the restoration of this dead soul. In the carrying out of this resolution his own soul is also awakened and developed. The book is a severe arraignment of Russia — of the judicial system, the political corruption, the abuses of the church, the wrong social conditions.

Many of Tolstoi's later writings are in the form of tracts written to enforce some truth upon the peasants, such as the little story "Does a Man Need Much Land?" The man has gained permission to possess as much land as he can walk around from sunrise to sunset. At the outset he knows about how much ground he can cover comfortably within the allotted time. But he finds that by walking a little faster he can include more. Can he get so much into the circuit, not omitting this fine stretch of land, and this other? His greed enlarges as he goes, and we are made to see his growing desires, his efforts to quicken his speed, his feverish strain to reach the goal. At sunset the goal is reached and the man drops down dead. "Pakhom's man took the hoe, dug a grave for him, made it just long enough from head to foot, — three arshins, — and buried him." As Tolstoi gives the picture we see the whole tragedy of the nineteenth century in this ceaseless pursuit of "more."

Tolstoi makes no claim to originality in his creed. He declares that he is only following Christ's precepts. Man needs, he says, only a few principles, so that the life tells. "Purity, humility, truth — these are the things which always make a man's life tell." An American asked, "Is Christ indeed your master, and do you think of him as divine?" "Ah," he answered, "Christ brings me to the light. He may be God, He may be Man, He may be both, but I see God only through Him."

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